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Poetry.

FORGIVENESS.

Man hath two atonement angels
Ever waiting at his side,
With him where'er he wanders,
Whoso'er his feet alight;
One to warn him when he walks,
And rebuke him if he strays;
One to leave him in his nature,
And so let him go his way.

Two receding spirits, reading
All his life's minutest part,
Looking in his soul, and listening
To the pen of his heart;
Each, with pen of fire clothe,
Writes with truth, that will not err,
Purpose—action—word—and thought.

One, the Teacher and Reprover,
Marks each heaven-deserving deed;
Graves it with the lightning's vigor,
Seals it with the lightning's speed;
To the good that man achieveth—
Good beyond an angel's doubt
Such remains for eye and ear,
And cannot be blotted out.

One (severe and silent Watcher!)
Noteth every crime and guile,
Writes it with a holy duty,
Seals it not, but waits awhile;
If the evil deed cry out—
"O God forgive me!"—he sleeps,
The sad stern spirit seals it,
And the gentler spirit weeps.

To the sinner, if Repentance
Cometh soon, with healing wings,
Then the dark account is canceled,
And each joyful angel sings;
What the erring one perceiveth—
Now his troubled heart is free—
Music, fragrance wafted to him
From a yet untrod land of bliss!

Mild and mighty is forgiveness,
Meekly won, if meekly won;
Let our hearts go forth to seek it,
Be the setting of the sun!
Angels wait and long to hear us
Ask it, ere the time be down;
Let us give it and receive it,
Ere the midnight cometh down!

Agriculture.

HOESING CROPS.—The chief or primary
purpose in hoeing crops is to increase the
quantity and improve the quality of the
produce. To this end various means are
employed. A point of the first consequence
is the eradication of weeds, and all plants
growing between the rows which it is wished to
cultivate. The necessity of destroying weeds
arises from several causes: their growth
interferes with, and injures the crop in
many ways; they exhaust the soil, more
than the elements which constitute
the soil of cultivated plants; they especial-
ly abstract the moisture of the soil, making
constant drain upon it in this respect,
the first moment of their existence,
is of great importance the weeds should
be killed while they are young. If killed
at this stage, the injury they occasion is
comparatively trifling, and the expense
incurred in the operation is but little com-
pared with what would be required to effect
the object when they are more fully grown.
The brush of a hoe, or the scratch of a
light harrow, will effectively kill a weed at
the time it appears above ground, whereas
the growth of a few weeks would give it
such a hold on the soil, that it would with-
stand considerable force, and to eradicate
it would require ten times the labor which
could have effected the object in the first
instance. Besides, if weeds are allowed to
grow to a large size, their roots become more
less mingled and entwined with the roots
of the cultivated plants, so that in pulling
up the weeds, the crop is liable to be in-
jured. Some people seem not to be aware
of the serious injury which the introduc-
tion of pernicious plants is to the soil.
Some of the rich "corn lands" of the
Western States, have already suffered a
great deterioration from this cause. The
negligent and slovenly manner in which
the corn is too frequently "tended," has
filled the soil with every pest which will
grow on it. The foil growth is in many
cases suffered to increase every year, till
there seems to be between the weeds and
corn a great strife for the mastery; and
though the corn on some of the most fertile
fields grows twelve or fifteen feet high, or
more, it scarcely exceeds the weeds in
height or strength, and judging from the
liberal border around the fields, of which
the weeds seem to have gained full posses-
sion, and from their frequent appearance
among the crop, the prospect seems fair
for the day being ultimately carried by
them.

Selected Tale.

THE TULIP POPLAR;

The Poor Men Heroes of the Revolution.

BY GEORGE LIPFARD.

One fine morning in the fall of 1780,
seven men went out by the roadside to
watch for robbers!

Four of these men concealed themselves
in the bushes on the summit of a high hill.
Three of their comrades sat down under
a large poplar tree—some hundred yards
to the northward—for a pleasant game at
cards.

These are plain sentences, telling simple
facts, yet on these simple facts hinged the
destiny of George Washington, the Con-
tinental Army, and the cause of freedom.

Let us go yonder into the hollow, where
the highway, descending a hill, crosses a
gentle brook, ascends the opposite hill, and
is lost to view among the trees to the south.
On either side of the road, darkens the
foliage of the forest trees, scarcely tinged
by the breath of autumn.

This gentle brook, tossing and murmuring
its way, is surmounted by a bridge of
huge pine planks, defended on either side
by a slender railing.

A dark-brown horse stands champing
the bit and tossing his black mane in the
centre of the bridge, while his dismounted
rider bends over yonder railing, and gazes
down into the brooklet with a vacant stare.

Let us look well upon that traveller.—
The manly form, enveloped in a blue over-
coat, the young brow, surmounted by a
farmer's round hat, the under coat of a rich
scarlet hue, with gold buttons and tinselled
trinkets, the well-polished boots, all display
the mingled costume of a yeoman and a
soldier.

His rich brown hair tossed aside from
his brow; his dark hazel eyes grows glassy
with thought; his cheek is white and red
by turns. Now his lip is compressed, and
now it quivers. Look! he no longer leans
upon the railing, no longer gazes down
into the dark waters, but pacing hurriedly
up and down the rustic bridge, displaying
the elegance of his form, the beauty of his
manly face, to the light of day.

The sun is seen by intervals through the
tops of those eastern trees; the song of
birds is in the woods; the air comes
freighted with rich odors of fall. It is a
beautiful morning. Light, feathery clouds
floating overhead, only serve to relieve the
clear blue of the autumnal sky.

It is a beautiful morning, but the young
traveller feels not the breeze, cares not for
the joyous beam. Nor do those wreaths of
autumn mist hanging in graceful festoons
among the tall forest trees, arrest the
glance of his hazel eye.

He paces along the bridge. Now he
lays his hand upon the mane of his horse;
now hastily buttons his overcoat, as if to
conceal the undercoat of scarlet, with its
handsome gold buttons; and at last paus-
ing in the centre of the bridge, he clasps
his hands, and gazes absently upon the
rough planks.

Well may that man that paces the bridge
thus clasping his hands, thus stand like
marble, with his dark hazel eyes glassy
with thought.

For he is a Gambler.

He has matched his life against a glit-
tering boom—the sword of a General.—
The game he plays is—Treasure—if he
wins, an army is betrayed, a General is
captured, a Continent is lost. If he loses,
he dies on the gallows, with the rope about
his neck, and the bandage is over his eyes.

Was he not a bold Gambler?

He has been far into the enemy's coun-
try. Over the river, up the rock, and into
the secret chamber. With the TRAITOR
he has planned the treason. Now he is on
his way home again to the city, where his
General awaits him, trembling with sus-
pense.

Is not that a handsome boot on his right
foot? I do not allude so much to the
heavy tops, nor to the polished surface, but
to the glove-like nicety with which it en-
velopes the manly leg. The boot contains
the fortress of West Point, the liberty of
George Washington, the safety of the Con-
tinental army! An important boot, you
will admit, and well adapted to create
fear in his mind who wears it.

One question is there before the mind
of that young traveller: Can he push un-
molested to the City of New York?

He has come far on his journey; he has
passed through perils that chilled his blood,
and now thirty miles alone remain. But
thirty miles of neutral ground, ravaged by
robbers from both armies, who plunder the
American because he is not a Britan, and
rob the Britan because he is not an Ameri-
can.

This is a thrilling question!

Those papers in his boot, once trans-
ferred to Sir Henry Clinton, this young
gentleman will be rewarded with a Gen-
eral's commission.

As this brilliant thought passes over his

mind, there comes another thought, sad,
sweet, tender.

The little sitting room yonder in Eng-
land, where his fair-haired sister, and his
sister with the flowing dark tresses, are
seated by the mothers knee, talking of him,
their absent brother? O, it is sweet to
dream by night, but sweeter far to dream
by day, with the eyes wide open. A beau-
tiful dream! That old familiar room with
oaken wainscot and antique furniture: the
mother with her placid face, venerable with
grey hair; the fair girls now blushing and
ripening into women!

He will return home; yes, they shall
hear his many step. They shall look from
the door, and instead of the untitled Cadet,
behold the renowned General. The thought
fires his soul.

He gives his fears to the wind. For he
is a brave man, but now he is afraid, for
he is doing a coward's work, and feels a
coward's pangs.

He springs on his horse, and with Wash-
ington, West Point, and the Continental
Army in his right boot, he passes on his
way.

Let us go up yonder hill before him.—
What is this we see?

Three men seated under a tree playing
cards! Alone and magnificent stands that
Tulip-poplar, its broad limbs extending at
least forty feet from the trunk, and that
trunk six feet in diameter. Such a tree
you may not see in a life-time. A trunk,
like the column of a Druid Temple, hewn
out of granite rock, a shade like the shelter
of some colossal war-tent. How the broad
green leaves toss to and fro to the impulse
of the breeze!

It stands somewhat aside from the road,
separated from the trees of yonder wood.
While these men pass the cards and fill
the air with the song and laugh, let us draw
near.

That small man, leaning forward, with a
smile on his lips, is named WILLIAMS. He
is near forty years of age, as you can see
by the intricate wrinkles on his face. His
costume, a plain farmer's dress, with belt
and powder horn. By his side, reclining
on the ground, a man of large frame, stal-
wart arms, broad chest, also leans forward,
his eyes fixed upon the game. He is named
VAN WERT. His face dogged and resolute
in its expression, gives you an idea of his
character. The third, a tall and well
formed man of some twenty years, with an
intelligent countenance and dark eye, is
dressed in a faded British uniform. He is
at once the most intelligent and soldier-like
man of the company. He is named PAUL-
DING.

Their rifles are laid against the trunk of
the tulip-poplar. Here we have them in-
tently upon their game, laughing in careless
glee, and now and then singing a camp
song, while the cards moved briskly in their
fingers.

All at once the party turned their faces
to the north. The sound of a horse's hoof
struck their ears.

"Here comes a stranger!" exclaimed
Van Wert, with a marked Dutch accent,
"a fine gentlemanlike man. Hey, Paul-
ding! Had we not better stop him?"

Paulding sprang to his feet. He beheld
our young traveller riding slowly toward
the tree. In a moment he was in the
highway, intently regarding the stranger,
whom he surveyed with a meaning glance.

As his horse reached the poplar tree,
Williams sprang forward and seized the
reins, while Paulding presented his rifle to
the breast of the young man.

"Stand!" he exclaimed, in a deep, son-
orous voice, "Which way?"

For a moment the stranger gazed in
the face of the soldier, who stood before
him, clad in a British uniform. A shade
of doubt, inquiry, fear passed over his
handsome face.

"Gentlemen," said he, in a voice which
struck their ears with its tones of music,
"I hope you belong to our party?"

"What party?" asked Paulding.

"The Loyal Party!" returned the
traveller.

A smile darted over Paulding's face.

"So do I," said he, still keeping his rifle
at the breast of the unknown.

"I am a British officer!" exclaimed the
young man, rising proudly in his stirrups,
as he displayed a gold watch in his extend-
ed hand. "I trust that you will know
better than to detain me, when you learn
that I am out of the country on particular
business."

The three soldiers started. The athletic
Van Wert advanced to the side of Williams
and seized the other bridle rein. Paulding
smiled grimly.

"Dismount!" he said, pointing the rifle
at the very heart of the stranger, who
gazed from face to face with a look of
wonder.

"My God!" said he gaily, with a faint
laugh, "I suppose I must do anything to
pass."

He drew from his breast a paper, which
he extended to Paulding. The other sol-
diers looked over their comrade's shoulder
as he read it aloud:—

Head Quarters, Robinson's House,
September 22d, 1780.

Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the
Guards to the White plains, or below if he
chooses. He being on Public Business by
my Direction.

B. ARNOLD, M. Gen.

"Now," said the bearer of this passport,
as he dismounted, "I hope you will permit
me to pass. You will risk a great deal by
detaining me. General Arnold will not
lightly look over my detention, I assure
you."

Paulding, with the paper in his hand,
turned to his comrades, who, with surprise
in their faces, uttered some hurried words,
inaudible to the stranger.

"You see sir, I'd let you pass," said
Paulding, "but there's so many bad people
about, I'm afeared you might be one of
them. Besides, Mister Anderson, how
came, a British Officer, in possession of
this pass from an American General?"

For the first time the face of the stranger
was clouded. His lip was tightly com-
pressed, as though he was collecting all the
resources of his mind.

"Why do you wear a British uniform?"
he exclaimed pointing to Paulding's dress.

"Why you see, the Tories and robbers
belong to your army, would not let me
live a peaceable life until I enlisted under
your king. I staid in New York until I
could escape which I did one fine day, with
this uniform on my back. Here I am, on
neutral ground but an American to the
back bone!"

"Come, Mister," exclaimed Williams,
"You may as well walk into the bushes;
we want to search you."

Without a word, the stranger suffer'd
them to lead him under the shade of yonder
wood. In a moment he stood on a mossy
sod, with a leafy canopy overhead. Around
him, with suspicion, wonder, curiosity,
stamped on their faces, stood Paulding,
Williams, and Van Wert.

He was calm, that unknown man; not a
flush was on his face, not a frown was on
his brow. Yet his hazel eyes glanced from
face to face with a look of deep anxiety.

They took the overcoat, the coat of
claret hue, glittering with tinsel, the nankin
and flannel waistcoats, nay, the ruffled
shirt itself, from his form, and yet no evi-
dence of his character in the shape of writ-
ten or printed papers met their eyes. At
last his boots, his under garments, all
save his stockings, were removed; yet
still no paper, no sign of mystery or treason
was revealed.

He stood in the silent recess, with all the
proud beauty of that form—which, in its
outline, rivalled the Apollo of the Sculp-
tor's dream—laid bare to the light. His
brow curl'd, tossed to the impulse of the
breeze, about his face and brow. His arms
were folded across his breast, as he gazed
in the soldier's face.

"Your stockings, if you please, said
Paulding bending down at the officer's feet.
The stocking of the right foot was drawn,
and lo! three carefully folded papers,
placed next the sole of the foot, were
disclosed. In a moment the other stock-
ing, and three papers more.

The young man shook with a sudden
tremor.

One burst of surprise echoed from the
soldiers as they opened the papers.

The stranger had no hope! They were
but rude men; they might not be able to
read the papers, but that hope was vain,
for in a clear, bold voice Paulding gave
their fatal secret to the air.

Artillery orders, showing how the garri-
son of West Point should be disposed of
in case of an alarm; an estimate of the
force of the fortress; an estimate of the
number of men, requisite to man the
works; a return of ordnance; remarks
on the strength and weakness of the vari-
ous works; a report of a council of war
late held at headquarters concerning the
campaign, which Washington had sent to
Arnold—such were the secrets of these
papers, all in the undisguised handwriting
of Benedict Arnold.

It was vain to picture the dismay
which was stamped upon each soldier's
face, as word by word, they spelled out
the terrible treachery, which to their
plain minds, seemed to hang over these
letters.

The young man—now their prisoner—
stood silent, but pale as death. For a
moment all his fortitude seemed to have
forsaken him.

At last, leaning his hand on Paulding's
arms, he said in a tremulous tone:—

"Take my watch, my horse, my purse—
all I have—only let me go!"

This was a terrible temptation for three
poor men, who, living in a land demoralized
by war, where neither property nor life
was safe for an hour, had never, in all
their lives owned such a fine horse, elegant
gold watch or purse of yellow guineas.

For a moment Paulding was silent his
manly face wore a hesitating look.

Will you give us anything else?" said
Van Wert, with a strong Dutch accent.

"Yes, I will make each man of you
rich for life," repeated the young man, his
manner growing more urgent, while his
face was agitated by emotion.—"Lands—
dry goods—money, to enable you to live
independent of the world—anything you
like, only let me go!"

Poor fellow! His tones are tremulous.
He was not only pleading for a free
passage, but for life and a—Generalship.
A terribly distinct vision of his mother
and sister flashed over his soul.

"But, Mister," exclaimed Williams,
how are we to know that you'll keep your
word?"

"I'll stay here until you go into the
city and return!" was the response of the
prisoner.

Paulding was yet silent, with a shade
of gloom upon his brow, while Van Wert
and Williams looked in one another's face.
The prisoner, with agony quivering in
every feature, awaited their reply.

"Dress yourself," muttered Paulding, in
a rough voice.

"Then consent, you will let me go?" ex-
claimed the distinguished officer.

Paulding made no reply.

Slowly he resumed his apparel.

He then looked around, as if to read
his doom in the faces of these rude men.

For they were rude men. It was an
awful time of fear, doubt, murder, that
era of 1780. No man could trust his
neighbor. This thirty miles of neutral
ground was as much under the control of
law as the Desert of Arabia. These men
had felt the hand of British wrong; they
had been robbed, ill-treated, and trampled
under foot by British power.

Here was a chance to make them all
rich men. The young man's words were
fair. He would remain a prisoner until
they had tested his truth, by going to New
York. They knew that some strange
mystery hung about his path; they guessed
that his escape would bring danger to
Washington. But more than this, they
could neither know nor guess.

Admit, as some have urged, that these
men were robbers, who came out this fine
Morning of September to try their fortune
on the highway, and the case became more
difficult. If poor men, they would scarcely
refuse his offer; if robbers, they would at
once take watch, horse and gold, and bid
him go!

For some moments deep silence pre-
vailed.

"Will you accept my offer, gentlemen?"
Paulding turned and faced him.

"No!" said he, in a voice which chilled
the young man's blood; "If you were to
offer me ten thousand guineas I could not
—would not let you go!"

The prisoner said not a word, but his
face grew paler.

They went slowly forth from the wood
and stood once more beneath the Tulip
Poplar.

The young stranger looked upon his
horse, which was to bear him away a pris-
oner, and his heart thrilled with a pang
like death.

At this moment, turning to the west, he
beheld a sight which chilled his blood.—
The British ship Vulture—which he had
missed near West Point, by some accident
never yet explained—rode there upon the
calm Hudson, within a mile from the spot
where he stood. Escape, safety, honor, so
near, and yet he was a prisoner.

Once more he turned, once more in
piercing tone, with hurried gestures, he
besought them to take all; he promised
them fortune, only that he might depart.

But still the stern answer:

"FOR TEN THOUSAND GUINEAS WE WOULD
NOT LET YOU GO!"

The sun was up in the heavens. The
breeze tossed the magnificent limbs of the
Tulip Poplar. Grouped under the shad-
ow were the captors and their prisoner.—
Here the manly Paulding, with an expres-
sion of pity stealing over his face; there,
Williams, his countenance expressing a
dull apathetic wonder; farther on, Van
Wert, his form rising above his comrades,
while his hands were folded across his
breast. The cards were littered over the
grass, but each man grasped his rifle.

O, silent people in fine robes, who read
your perfumed volumes, detailing the vir-
tues of the rich and the great, can you
see no virtue under these rude waistcoats,
no greatness in those peasant faces? It
has been my task again and again to
portray the grandeur of Washington, the
chivalry of Lafayette, the glorious deeds
of Wayne; but here in these half-robber,
half-soldier forms, methinks is found a
self-denial, that will match the brightest of
them all. Honor to Washington, and
Lafayette, and Wayne, and honor to
Paulding, Williams, and Van Wert, the
POOR MEN HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.

They stood grouped under the Tulip
Poplar; but their prisoner?

He laid his arms upon the horse's neck
and his face in the dark mane.

Long ago the bones of that young
traveller crumbled to dust in felon's grave,
beneath the gibbet's foot.

Long ago, on a stormy night, the lightning
of God descended upon the Tulip Poplar,
and rent its trunk to the root and scattered
its branches to the air.

And Paulding, Williams and Van Wert,
are also gone, but their names are remem-
bered forevermore. Let us look for a
moment at the class to which they belong-
ed; let us take one of these humble men
and paint the picture of a Poor Man
Hero.

He crouches beside the side of the giant
oak, on the wild-wood side. He sweeps
the overhanging leaves aside with his
brawny hand—the light falls suddenly over
his swarthy and sunburnt face, over his
fur cap, bucktail plume, over his blue
hunting-shirt, over his forest moccasins,
and huntsman's attire. He raises the
glittering rifle to his eye, that keen grey
eye, looking from beneath the dusky eye-
brow, and fixed upon the distant foe—
he raises his rifle, he aims at the star
hedge, he fires. The wood rings with the
sound—the Britisher has taken the mea-
sure of his grave.

And thus speeding along from tree to
rock, from the fence to the secure ambush
of the buckwheat field—speeding along
with his stealthy footsteps, and his keen
eye ever on the watch, the bold rifleman
heeds not the battle raging in the valley
below; he cares not for the noise, the roar
of cannon, the mechanical march of the
drilled column; he cares for nought but
his own true rifle, that bears a death in
every ball—that shrieks a death-knell in
every fire. A free man was the old rifle-
man. His home was the wild wood; his
companions the beasts of the ravine, and
the birds of the cliff; his friend true and
unfailing, was his rifle, and his joy was to
wander along to the lonely pathway of the
wilderness, to track the Indian to his
camp-fire, and the panther to his lair.

A free man was the old rifleman. At
the close of the day's hard chase, what
king as happy as he? He sat himself on
the green sward, at the foot of the ancient
oak, in the depth of the eternal woods,
while the setting sunbeams flung their
lines of gold athwart the mossy carpet, and
between the quivering leaves of the twi-
light foliage.

He rears the booth of the forest branch-
es, he spreads his couch with buffalo robes,
and then gathering the limbs of decayed
trees he lights his fire, and the rosy gleam
glances over the darkening wood, a sign of
home built in the wilderness.

The victim of a day's chase, the gallant
deer, is then dragged to the fire-side divested
of its skin, and anon the savory steaks
smoke in the blaze, as the true hermit of
the woods, the free old backwoodsman,
rubs his bony hands with glee, and chuck-
les with all the hunter's delight.

Such were the men that thronged the
wood, and peopled the solitudes of this
our glorious land of the New World, in
the year of grace SEVENTY-SIX—in the
year of freedom—One. To this class be-
long the captors of Andre, who refused a
fortune rather than aid the enemy of
Washington. Such were the men whom
the British were sent to conquer, such
were the men who knew nothing of petty
uniforms, mechanical drills, or regular
lines of march, whom the stout redcoats
were to annihilate.

The huntsman's frock of blue was not
very handsome, his rough leggings were
quite as well as the grenadier's well pol-
ished boots, his cap of fur was a shapeless
thing altogether, and yet he had two things
that troubled his enemies not a little—a
sure rifle and a keen eye.

Let us be just to their memories.—
While we honor Paulding, Williams and
Van Wert, let us remember that ten thou-
sand such as these, unknown, unnamed,
beneath the graves of the past while their
blood, are unnumbered Poor Men Heroes of
the Revolution.

There is a strange mystery in connection
with this capture. Like other prominent incidents
of the Revolution, it has been described in at least
twenty different ways. The distinguished histo-
rian Sparks, presents a plain, straightforward ac-
count, which in its turn is contradicted by a late
article in a western paper, purporting to be the
recollections of a gentleman named Hudson, who
professes to be conversant with the facts, from an
actual acquaintance with Paulding, Williams
and Van Wert. Mr. H. states that Paulding
wore a British uniform; that Williams was de-
spatched with a note to Arnold; and that the
prisoner was taken to Sing Sing, and thence to
Tappan, where Washington arrived in a few
minutes. Sparks, the first historian of our
country, makes no mention of the uniform, and
by the evidence of the three heroes, directly
contradicts the other statement. Andre was
taken to North Castle, while Washington was
about on a journey to Hartford. Not a word
on the trial of Andre was said either by Paulding
or his comrades, in relation to the departure of
Williams with a note to Arnold. There is an
evidence here, which should be removed. Mr.
Hudson's statement plain and decided as it is,
contradicts the evidence of the men from whom
he received it. If correct, then they uttered
falshoods on the trial of Andre; if untrue, they
are guilty of wilful or involuntary misrepresen-
tation. The mention of the British uniform places
a new construction upon the whole affair, and is,
in my opinion, the only satisfactory explanation
of the conduct of Andre, ever yet published.

"Sally Mander safe!" said Mrs. Par-
lington as her eyes fell upon an advertise-
ment. "Do tell me, Isaac, who this
Sally Mander is, and what she's been
doing, that they've got her safe." "I
don't know what she's been doing," said
Isaac, "but I guess she's sister to Jerry."
"Jerry—who, Isaac?" "Why, Jerry
Mander."

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND.
1655.

The Court of Commissioners

AUCTION SALE

[illegible]

